



PUBLISHED BY  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878

OFFICE No. 21-23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



THE CAVE OF DESPAIR.

## PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,  
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(United States and Canada.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers,	\$5.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers,	2.50
One Copy, for 13 weeks,	1.25
(England and all Countries in the Berne Postal Treaty.)	
One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers,	\$6.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers,	3.00
One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers,	1.50

INCL. POSTAGE.

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - JOS. KEPPLER  
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - A. SCHWARZMANN  
EDITOR - - - H. C. BUNNER

PUCK is on Sale in London, at THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street; in Glasgow, at G. F. ALLAN'S, 31 Renfield Street; in Paris, at TERQUEM'S, 15 Boulevard Saint Martin, and on file at the *Herald* Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opéra. In Germany, at F. A. BROCKHAUS'S, Leipzig, Berlin and Vienna.

**We cannot undertake to return Rejected Communications. We cannot undertake to send postal-cards to inquiring contributors. We cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps or stamped envelopes. We cannot undertake to say this more than one-hundred-and-fifty times more.**

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

It does seem rather late in the day to revive the Presidential campaign of 1880. And, perhaps, were it not for our esteemed contemporary the *Sun*, we should have nothing more to say about it. For it is a dead issue, a thing of the past, and we fail to see what ends are to be served by discussing the well-worn question. We know that Hancock was fairly defeated, on his merits, we suppose. If anybody was to blame for this, it is certainly not Mr. Charles A. Dana; but the voters themselves, who by a majority refused to have General Hancock. We really do not believe that, powerful a newspaper as the *Sun* professes to be, its policy did much toward General Hancock's failure.

The Democratic candidate was not elected because he did not receive votes enough. But, in spite of all the *Sun's* assurances to the contrary, we are not at all satisfied that it did its duty to its party and its party's candidate. If the *Sun* has any influence—and, for the sake of argument, we are willing to concede that it has—the readers who saw General Hancock described as "a good man weighing two hundred and fifty pounds" would certainly not feel inclined to cast their ballots for him. Therefore, although, strictly speaking, the disastrous result to the Democracy cannot be ascribed to Mr.

Dana, that gentleman certainly did nothing to prevent it. It would seem almost as if he was glad of it.

It is a huge joke, this offer of five thousand dollars to prove that the *Sun* never for an instant wavered in its support. Two or three extracts from that newspaper are sufficient to prove that it did. But who is to decide the question? Certainly not the *Sun* itself; and we suppose Mr. Dana would feel disinclined to accept the decision of any other paper. It is an extremely easy matter to offer to back one's assertion or opinion with a bet, when there is no practical way pointed out of deciding the question. Great a man as we believe Mr. Dana to be, we don't think that he kept up to his exalted standard of greatness and astuteness by describing General Hancock as "a good man weighing two hundred and fifty pounds."

You have gone back to your toil, you poor, hard-worked, wretched telegraphers! If you read PUCK—and we feel certain that you do—you will find that we thought in the first instance that the strike would end in the way that it did. How could it possibly be otherwise? What are a few thousand weak individuals against the solid phalanxes of watered millions of capital held by unscrupulous monopolists? Labor sometimes has a slight chance of fighting against capital; but not against such vast capital as those who control the Western Union possess. A fly might as well try to butt against a brick wall.

What a hopeless future have these intelligent young people before them! To think that, no matter how skillfully they do their work, in no circumstances can they ever get beyond fifty dollars a month, or, at most, sixty. They might

## INSTEAD OF BARTHOLDI'S "LIBERTY"—



LET THE ABOVE DESIGN BE ADOPTED FOR THE STATUE IN NEW YORK HARBOR, AND THERE WILL BE NO TROUBLE IN RAISING MONEY FOR THE PEDESTAL.

just as well be slaves. Perhaps it would be better if they were; because then their owners, in order to exact as much work as possible, and keep up their value in the market, would take care that they were well clothed, well fed and satisfied. But the heartless monopolist has no such anxiety on his mind. It matters not to him whether his employee is or is not in good health. He can always get another to take the slave's place—and perhaps at lower wages, too.

It is not often that Mayors of the City of New York write articles in reviews to tell people the way we ought to be governed. But Mr. ex-Mayor Grace has undertaken to do this, and in the pages of *Harper's Magazine* writes in an entertaining manner on what should be done. It is nothing new that we learn. There is about it an "ancient and fish-like" odor. We know that New York is the worst-governed city in the world, and so long as Tammany holds such sway there is no prospect of better things. The way for New York to have good government is for her to govern herself. And this those delectable creatures called Albany legislators will not allow her to do.

Was ever a city of the size and importance of New York in such a position? If she does not know what she wants herself, who should know? Why does the man from Squonk or Centreville interfere in matters that do not concern him? Why should these hay-seed jackasses presume to dictate to a rich cosmopolitan city such as this? It is done because it is made worth their while by swindlers who, in New York, with a new and liberal charter, would see future profits ruthlessly swept away. With the assistance of New York "heelers," they can run the city for their own benefit, and distribute the offices among their friends.

Can we then wonder why Tammany and the hay-seed politicians are content with things as they are, and do not desire a change? Change to them means loss of patronage and money. They are well satisfied with the existence of such methods. Already, for the approaching Fall campaign, the growl of our wretched local politicians have been heard. The "Halls" play a prominent part in the business. It is no question whether the State or the big cities are to enjoy fair and honest government; it is a question as to the offices that Irving Hall and Tammany Hall and the County Democracy are to have—whether one "Hall" is to get ahead of another "Hall." But whichever way it is, all, in the end, will succeed in getting ahead of poor New York.

## AN OPEN LETTER

TO

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE,

Lord Chief Justice of England.

Now, my Lord, I want to have a little chat with you. How do you do? I am very glad to see you. I hope you will like the country, and the oysters, and the tram-cars, and the boundless prairies, and other things peculiarly American. Also let me caution you to be careful not to lose the brasses for your luggage in traveling. And, above all, purchase at once a copy of

PUCK ON WHEELS,

the finest specimen of American condensed literature in the English language. It will only cost you a "bob," which is equivalent, in American money, to

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

"Would you be surprised to hear" that I am your Lordship's most humble and obedient servant,

PUCK?



## A FACT ILLUSTRATED.

OHIO IS "GOING FOR" FORAKER WITHOUT A DOUBT.—*Republican Press.*

## WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.

And about this season the young man gathereth himself together and goeth unto his employer and sayeth unto him: "Lo, now, have not the porter and the office-boy and the truckman and the cashier had their vacations and shall not I have mine? Is thy servant a municipal policeman, that he shall not rattle it up to nature?"

And lo and behold he is thrown down.

And yet again he goeth unto his employer and laboreth with him and beseecheth him mightily, and crawleth upon his entrails before him.

And he is thrown down again.

And a third time he goeth unto his employer, and he maketh obeisance unto him, and he standeth on his head before him, and he pleadeth with him, yea, even as the dealer in the street called Chatham pleadeth with the wayfarer.

And once more is he thrown down.

But a fourth time he goeth unto his employer, and he catcheth the old man after that he hath lunched. And he hath about three horns of spirits in him, and his soul is glad and his heart is big within him. And he yieldeth unto the young man, saying unto him: "Lo, now, verily, thou wantest to be back right smart when the day for thy return cometh around."

And the young man goeth forth, and he buyeth him a fishing-rod and about seven miles of line and a reel and a creel and a double-barreled breech-loading shot-gun, yea, with laminated barrels and a half-a-ton of cartridges and a pair of Knickerbocker breeches and a polo cap and a hammock hat and a hammock portable and a bath-tub and a new umbrella and a pair of canvas shoes and a pocket blacking-case and a flask of whiskey and a corkscrew and a stylographic pen and a Scott's electric hair-brush and a valise and an alpen-stock and a pony telescope and a mosquito-net bed-canopy and six flannel shirts and two or three other trifles, that he may rejoice and make merry

therewith when he getteth into the country.

And yea verily I say unto you, that youth is possessed of an advertisement. And it offereth him eligible country board, yea, near unto the railway station, and also it offereth him fishing and hunting and the fruits of the earth in due season, and no mosquitos, neither any malaria.

And behold, it taketh a mighty hold upon him, and he goeth forth, and he is come unto the farmhouse and he abideth there for the space of two weeks.

But I say unto you, the latter state of that man is worse than the first.

For that of him which cometh back is only the part that is not eaten of mosquitos.

And that part hath the malaria.

And he hath given over his fishing-rod and about seven miles of line and a reel and a creel and a double-barreled breech-loading shot-gun, yea, with laminated barrels, and a half-a-ton of cartridges and a pair of Knickerbocker breeches and a polo cap and a hammock hat and a hammock and a portable bath-tub and a new umbrella and a pair of canvas shoes and a pocket blacking-case and a flask of whiskey and a corkscrew and a stylographic pen and a Scott's electric hair-brush and a valise and an alpen-stock and a pony telescope and a mosquito-net bed-canopy and six flannel shirts unto the honest farmer for his board, and likewise as tribute rendered unto him and a ransom.

For else would not the daughter of that farmer, she that is freckled and weareth her hair in curls, would she not bring suit against the young man for breach of promise of marriage? For hath he not sat with her upon the verandah and in the moonlight? And hath he not been confidential in the flowery lanes and opened his heart beneath the honeysuckles?

My son, he hath. Selah.

IT IS NOW THAT "Cawn, hot cawn!"  
Rends the night with echos wild,  
And the father runs at dawn  
For a doctor for his child.

## Puckerings.

A SEASONABLE CHEER is HURT-R!

POINTS OF EPICUREANISM—Blue Points.

"TWELVE AMERICANS"—The Star-Route Jury.

THE LADIES are playing polo at Newport, and the dudes are jealous.

OSCAR WILDE has cut his hair and his play, and still we are not happy.

THE NEW fashionable color is called "dude's mood," and is a worthy successor to "elephant's breath." It is a soft and sombre blue.

STRANGE, THAT Private Dalzell has not yet offered to swim the Niagara Whirlpool! We should like to have an opportunity to encourage Private Dalzell.

WE MOVE the substitution of the name of Charles E. Courtney for that of William Patterson in the well-known query: "Who struck Billy Patterson?"

YONKERS HAS a city debt and is going to have an opera-house; and now all she wants is an Irish Board of Aldermen and a reputation for malaria to set up opposition to the metropolis.

RACES BETWEEN steam-yachts owned by Hudson River notables are now popular, and the men in the obituary department of the N. Y. *Herald* are working over-time in consequence.

THE HOUNDS at the last Newport meet left the trail of the herring and the anise-seed bag, ran off on a scent of their own finding, and, after a long chase, treed an opponaxed dude.

THE NEW HISTORIC OLLENDORFF.—Has the good actress the divorce case of my bad uncle? No; but the handsome leading man is going to pay the alimony of my stage-struck aunt.

A COMMONPLACE YOUNG WILDE,  
A very much left young Wilde,  
A cut-his-capillary,  
Short of his Sillery,  
Ratherish boom-busted Wilde.

THE QUEEN, according to the London *Truth*, has given the usual India shawl to one of her maids-of-honor on her marriage. We have more ulsters than we require, and if Her Majesty has no objection, we will swop them off for the remaining shawls.

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG MAN.—The summer is drawing to a close, and the days of your vacation are numbered. This is about the time to begin to build up a good healthy sunburn, so that when you return to the city everybody will know that you have been in the country. It is also time to begin to ease off, as it were, with that girl you have been flirting with so hard for the last two weeks. No, dear boy, you can't marry on ten dollars a week, and you know it perfectly well. No, even economizing on cigarettes won't do it. Perhaps it would be just as well if you took a small reef in your enthusiasm. But you don't want to marry her? Certainly not, dear boy; but what has that to do with it? Suppose she wants to marry you? That's the hurdle, Alexander. And if you don't taper off right here, Alec, we will put up large money you are skirmishing around for an engagement-ring inside of two months.

## THE GIRL BEFORE THE TELEPHONES.

(A PALPABLE IMITATION.\*)

The girl before the telephones!  
What missest she of "news"—  
Her ear held at the rubber tube  
That helps her pick and choose  
'Twixt auction sales and old wives' tales  
And hints of secrets dark—  
Since most of all her duty is  
To hark and hark and hark?

Small care hath she for haste, good sirs!  
Her nimble fingers go,  
The while your voices blend with hers:  
"Oh, Hell—Oh, Hell—Hello!"  
Yet still her hand at her command  
Is held, and may not pass:  
And eke she traineth tongue, as well,  
To sass and sass and sass.

O girl before the telephones,  
What happiness is thine!  
Thou knowest first, when traders burst,  
And in new silks dost shine.  
Yet, sad 's the sight of one so bright  
Compelled to work or beg,  
And forced each day, like cobbler gray,  
To peg and peg and peg!

HARRY A. LEON.

\*Mr. J. W. Riley is requested to remember that Imitation is the Sincerest Flattery.

## HUNTING THE SOAP.

The other morning, while Mr. Brown was washing his hands, the cake of soap slipped out of his fingers, and, striking the wall, flew down behind the wash-stand.

Mr. Brown immediately got on all fours, and laid his head on the floor to see where the soap was. It was right against the wall, and about as far from one side of the wash-stand as the other.

When Mr. Brown began to reach under with his arm, he found he could not get half way to the soap, because he was on his knees, and his back was almost broken, and a sharp pain ran up his neck, and he felt as if he had been dropping potatoes all day.

And then he lay on his chest as though swimming, and thrust his arm fiercely under, and took off about half-a-yard of skin. This caused Mr. Brown to foam at the mouth and say to himself:

"By gracious! this is a test case, and I am going to see if a cake of soap can beat me, if I have to stay home from business all day, and break the wash-stand up in the bargain!"

So Mr. Brown rolled over on his back and thrust his arm under as cautiously as though there was a hornet's nest under the wash-stand. On, on it went, and Mr. Brown smiled a smile that had every possible symptom of victory in it.

By this time his throat was full of dust off the carpet, and frequently he coughed. But now his finger—the very end of his finger—touched the soap, and that momentary touch vibrated through his soul like a gentle benediction, and caused a fresh crop of smiles to float as softly over his features as does the summer zephyr across a field of bearded wheat.

That touch had a magic about it that thrilled Mr. Brown with divinest melody. It was to him, in short, what spring-chicken is to the negro, and found as lovely a place in his dreams as does the razor in the negro's boot.

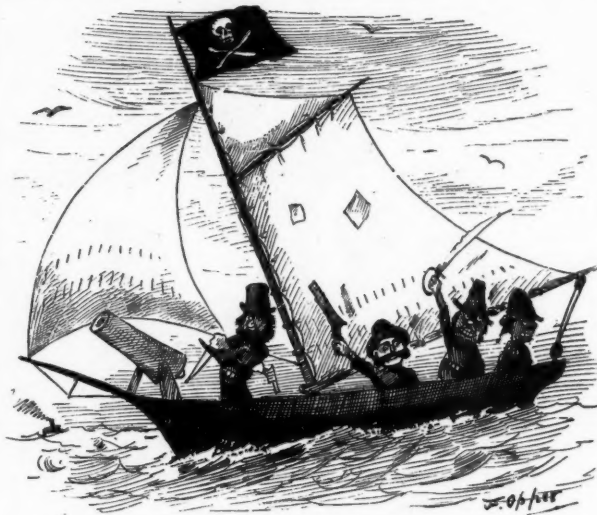
Then Mr. Brown turned on his side to see the soap, that he might grab it; but when he got on his side, his reach was shortened and he couldn't touch the soap. Then he turned over on his back, and felt the soap again, and attempted to grab it. In doing this, he only sent the soap flying further back, and out of reach.

In an ecstasy of rage, he thought he might get the soap by making a desperate crack at it with his hand, and knocking it out on the floor.

## IT BEATS THE SEA-SERPENT.



"Mike," said the hotel proprietor: "biz is very dull up at the house. I want you to disguise the old clam-boat a little, and come around and do the pirate act to-morrow."



[Extract from Daily Paper.]

The guests at the Strawtick House were thrown into a state of great excitement yesterday by the appearance, near shore, of a low, black, rakish craft, flying the black flag. The hotel is receiving fresh guests by every train.

So he hauled off and let fly as hard as he could, and his hand missed the soap and flew around like a compass, and struck the stone paper-weight that was acting in the place of the leg that was gone.

Before he could count how many fingers had been knocked out of joint, he discovered that the paper-weight had been driven against the wall by the force of the blow.

Ere he could utter the words that were on the end of his tongue, the wash-stand tilted and upset the basin of water on him, and while the water was in his eyes and ears, the basin followed and lay on his stomach like a tomb-stone, and pretty near knocked the breath out of him.

Before he could express himself, although there were about four thousand words inside of him struggling to get out, the drawers flew out, and emptied a lot of tooth-powder and razors and lathering-brushes on him. Then the doors of the wash-stand flew swiftly open, and raised a couple of lumps on him that he will carry about for several weeks to come.

After this Mr. Brown turned over on his chest, and almost inhaled a lathering-brush—he was breathing so hard. He saw the soap distinctly. The soap saw him, too. He looked upon it as a cat looks upon the mouse that is out of her reach.

And Mr. Brown grinned fiendishly at the soap and said:

"Just come out two inches from the wall, and give me a chance to grab you. I dare you to come out even one inch, you mean, miserable five-cent cake of soap. So you'll take a dare, will you? If I were only half your size, I wouldn't take a dare; I would face the music. You are a spiritless plebeian cake of soap—you are only fit to wash a dog with. I believe you are only an imitation of what you claim to be, you—"

Here Mrs. Brown suddenly opened the door against Mr. Brown's head, and said:

"Why in the world don't you come down? The breakfast is getting cold."

"———??——!!———??!——!!!!!" replied Mr. Brown, as he sat up and ran his fingers through his hair, to get out the razors and lathering-brushes.

"What's the matter, anyhow?" demanded Mrs. Brown.

"I want to get that cake of soap out from under the wash-stand."

"Well, why don't you?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"Because I can't," replied Mr. Brown: "I cannot reach it; I cannot get there."

Then Mrs. Brown said:

"Do you want to see me get it?"

"I do," replied Mr. Brown, with a grin of contempt.

"All right," said the wife, who thereupon simply lifted the wash-stand out from the wall, picked up the soap, tossed it to her husband, and said:

"Men would never be able to get along at all if it were not for their wives. Anybody would think from the noise you just made that you were trying to reach under the bureau to get a collar-button out of a distant crack with your finger-nail."

And before Mr. Brown could reply, Mrs. Brown had fled swiftly down-stairs, and, as Mr. Brown scraped the dust off the soap with a tortoise-shell paper-knife, he felt very mean and humble to think that he had not thought of lifting the wash-stand out as his wife did.

And in his rage he banged the soap down on the floor like a base-ball, and then put his heel on it to crush it. But it would not be crushed. It simply flew from under Mr. Brown's heel, and landed him on the floor so hard that some of the fillings were knocked out of his teeth.

And at the breakfast-table he had not a word to say, but felt the keenest humiliation, and secretly watched the clock and longed for the hour for his departure to business to arrive.

R. K. M.

How SWEET the moonlight sleeps upon yon bank!

No, love, you are ankle-deep in error there. That is simply the electric light. Is it not a great institution, the electric light? And is it not a strangely beautiful thing that there is an electric lamp-post just outside the big window of the bank? See how nicely and brightly it shines in and illuminates the interior of the bank. It does not strain the poor cashier's eyes as he stands there, at his desk, oh, so late at night! toiling at his books. Is it not nice of him to come down to the bank after dinner and work so hard? You bet, it is. But will the directors pay him extra for it? Not exactly; but he will have his reward for it. Where? In heaven? Well, no, Gwendolen. In Canada.



## A CANDID PROPOSAL.

I love you, love you! love you!!—yet confess  
 A consciousness of trifling does come o'er me  
 When all the other shapes of loveliness  
 To whom I've said the same thing rise before me.  
 They were, you are, the idol of my heart;  
 An idol it must have—which must be kissed. Hence,  
 That which was once but of my life a part  
 Is now my whole existence!

I see a scornful light grow in your eyes,  
 And yet they shine like stars half hid by mists—  
 Magnificent! You are the fairest prize  
 My errant heart e'er fought for in love's lists.  
 You see, I'm candid; you have bowled me over,  
 And now I drink and dine and bathe in love;  
 I puzzled half an hour just to discover  
 The perfume of your glove!

But now all empty was this heart of mine;  
 Some woman must be in it. With that rose,  
 Give me yourself, and walk into the shrine  
 Its sovereign goddess. In short, I propose—  
 My! Won't the Johnson-Mowbrays be enraged!  
 This summer 's changed the lot of many a rover—  
 That you and I be genuinely engaged  
 Until the season 's over!  
 Atlantic City, N. J. JOHN PAUL BOCK.

## A SUMMER TOURIST.

"Where is your croquet-ground?"  
 The landlord said I would find it in the front yard.

I came back to him and said I was unable to locate it.

He said:

"Did you see the wickets? If you really want to play croquet, an' no jokin', I will send down to the village and get some wooden balls for you. As for mallets, why, my children use the clothes-poles, and don't worry over it."

"Where are your fishing-grounds?"

"They are fifty-four miles from here, as the crow flies; but if you really want to fish, you will be obliged to rise in the morning about two o'clock in order to reach the fishing-grounds. There is some good fishing down here in the pond. I have known people to catch suckers there by being patient. Patience is required to be a good angler."

"Where do you hunt in these parts?"

"In these parts most of the hunting is done by the sheriff; but if you really want to hunt, I advise you to go back in the hills about sixty-four miles and camp out. I will show you the way and furnish you the utensils. It won't cost you a great deal, and there might be some game up there."

"Well," I said: "give me a boat, and I will try a little rowing."

The landlord said:

"All right; but our oars are all busted. If you really want to row, why, here are some pine scantlings; I will saw them up into the proper length for oars. Rowing a few hours will strengthen your muscles to the required toughness, as you look like a delicate man."

"When is the next train due here for New York?"

"Five P. M."

W. L. C.

IN AND OUT OF WALL STREET—Yesterday and To-day.

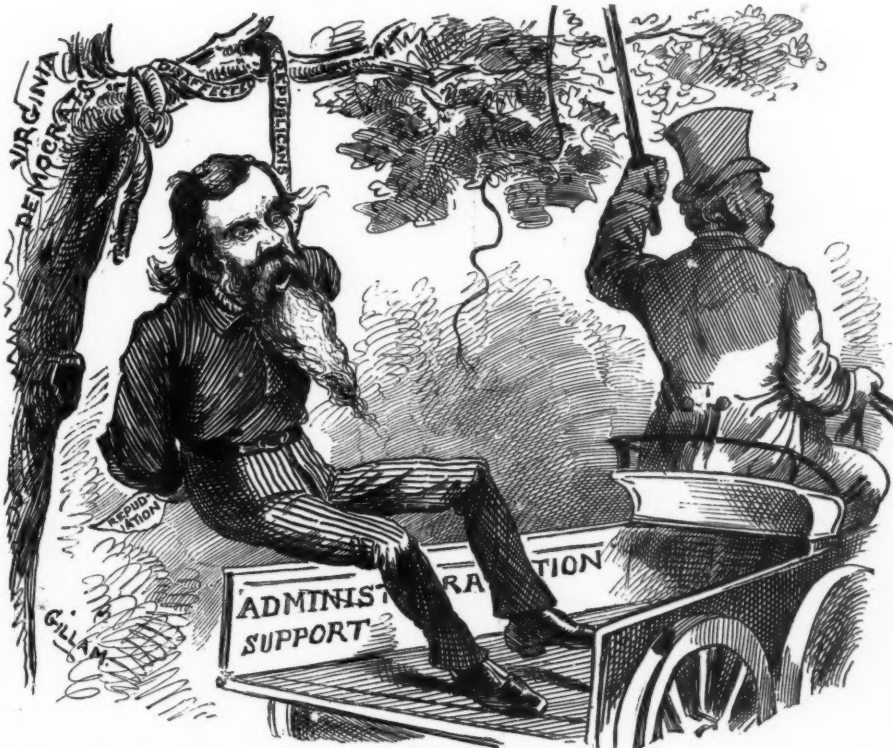
WHEN THE postage is reduced, it will be a great encouragement to people to write letters to editors. But young ladies will be as industrious in writing crosswise, to save postage, as they are now.

WHAT DOES little birdie say,  
 In its nest at break of day?

We will tell you, Alfred. The little bird says:

"Mama, I really don't feel well this morning, because I was out with the birds last night, and I wish you would just fly down there and get me a worm."

## ANOTHER BOSS GOING!



MAHONE:—"HOLD ON, ARTHUR! IF I HAD THOUGHT THAT YOU'D WITHDRAW YOUR SUPPORT, I SHOULD NEVER HAVE GOT INTO THIS DELICATE POSITION!"

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXCVI.

THE PRESIDENT'S TRAVELS.



Ya-as, it was verwy pwovoking and annoying, but I weally could not accept the aw—I may almost say gwa-cious invitation of the Pwesident to accompany him on a tour through the gweat Northwestern terwitorwy. I had othah engagements

that kept me at Newport; and, besides, Mrs. Fitznoodle was not especially anxious that I should go and leave her and the b-b-boy to their own devices.

I shall pwobably have the opportunity afforded me of visiting this what I am given to undahstand is a most interwesting wegion, although, perwhaps, it may not be in such distinguished company as the Pwesident of the United States.

The Pwesident bore the disappointment extremely well. Not half a bad sort of fellow is Arthah.

I don't think, if the Pwince of Wales and Queen Victorwia were desirwous of my twaveling with them, and I should wefuse, that they would take it with half as good a gwace as Pwesident Arthah takes it. I have had several lettahs fwom him, in which he has descwibed, at considerwable length, his twavels. They are too long to wepwduce, but I may say that they are weally quite entertaining, and show that the Pwesident is enjoying himself verwy much indeed. He is accompanied by—I forget his name, but he is Secwetarywy of Wah, and a generwal of the Amerwican army, and a gweat many othah people, with all the necessarwy camp equipage.

The whole party is now, I believe, somewhere in the neighborhood of Montana Terwitorwy—wherewah that may happen to be. But pwvious to this they have woamed through a verwy extensive naturwal forwest, called the aw Yellowstone, where they have had a serwies of verwy interwesting picnics amid the gwand and picturwesque naturwal scenerwy.

Fwiendly Indians visited the camp to pay their wespsects to the Pwesident, and there were none of those unpleasant scalping arwange-ments that one weads about occasionally, wherwin the savages attack all the white people in the neighborhood, and leave their bodies on the gwound with arwows sticking in them.

I he-ah that there are some fellaws who expwess a gweat objection to the Pwesident twaveling about and taking enjoyment aftah this fashion.

They say he has no wight to do it, and that he ought to take up his wesidence in that horwidly hot place, Washington, throughout the ye-ah, to pwoperly earn his salarwy. But this ide-ah is quite too awfully widiculous, ye know.

What, I should like to know, is the use of being Pwesident unless a fellow can do just what he pleases? He might just as well wemain a pwivate individual.

An Amerwican Pwesident, who is supposed to be elected by the people, should be able to twavel about everwywhere, fwee of expense, and make use of all the Government pwoperty and wesources that he may think necessarwy. It is not as if he wemained faw ewah in office; it is only a paltwy four ye-ahs.

The Queen and woyal family do as they please in this way, and I don't see why the Pwesident should not have the same pwivileges aw.

## THE IRREPRESSIBLE SAMUEL.

HOW THE GREAT PEDDLER OF POSEN GOT HIS WHACK AT  
PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

"Sah Moo El, der Shpotted Hindleg,  
Dot's my name, sir, Mishter Artoor,  
Don' you listen to dem fellers  
Dellin' you I vas a Heprew.  
Don' I vas some Inchin, ain't it?  
Sah Moo El, der Shpotted Hindleg—  
Und dem bants is sefen dollar—  
Sheap at ten—der latest fashion.  
Hear der vorts of Shpotted Hindleg—

Make 'em sefen mit de braces—  
How you goin' to keep yer pants up  
If you don't haf no suspenders?  
Hear der varble of der Shiestain,  
Uf der Shiestain Shpotted Hindleg—  
Collar-bowtons dime a dozen—  
Handkershiebs—so helep me kracious—  
Cost me more ash vat I ashk you—  
Shtrike me Heprew if dey did n't!"

## UP A TREE.

It was on a still country road. Twilight was just settling on the fields, and the tree-toad pierced the solitude with his inartistic squawk. A few feet from the stone wall was a tall tree—a poplar—and in the top of it sat a man with a wild determined look. In one hand he held a gun, in the other a sword, in his teeth a dagger, and on a near-by limb lay a rake.

"What are you doing up there?" inquired a man going by in a wagon, as he stopped the horse.

"Trying to have a little peace," replied the man in the tree.

"Oh, you went up there to cool off?"

"Not much," replied the man: "I simply came up here for quiet. If any man attempts to visit me here he will get a warm reception. I want to be all alone and have some solitude."

"Is any one after you?" queried the stranger.

"Yes."

"The sheriff?" the stranger ventured to inquire.

"No, sir!" yelled the man in the tree, which swayed to and fro in the latest breeze: "no, sir; I don't owe a cent, and am not a fugitive from justice; but the fact is I was married last week and—"

"I see," broke in the man in the wagon: "I take in the situation. Married a week and—"

"No trouble between my wife and me at all," explained the man in the tree-top, waving the gun by way of gesticulation: "My wife and I get along all right together, and life would be a perfect Paradise to me, if it were not for insurance agents."

"How do they bother you?"

"How do they bother me?" chanted the man in the tree: "how do they bother me? Well, I'll tell you how they bother me: they lie in wait for, and pounce on me. Only last Monday, as I was passing out of the gate, a man jumped from behind a bush, and gave me about four yards of the stereotyped beauty of insurance, according to his company; and when I reached the railway station, another man came up and delivered himself of a lot of picturesque blank verse on the importance of taking out a policy at once. I told him I would never go into anything that I had to die to beat, and he wouldn't drop me then. After this I told him I had seven diseases which were hereditary, that my parents and grandparents died in their teens, and that I worked in a powder-mill during the day, and walked on a tight-rope during the evening, and occasionally changed off with the lion-tamer, and stuck my head in the elephant's mouth."

"What did the insurance man do?" inquired the man in the wagon.

"He dropped me right off; and that night a man came and threw a handful of gravel against the window-pane; and when I looked out he told me that he had seen a man try the front door a few minutes before, and, having frightened him off, wanted to put me on my guard. I thanked him, and he said there were many burglars going about mur-

dering people, and that I ought to take out a policy on my life for at least five thousand dollars. He was an agent, he said, for the Japanese American, and would like to tell me the great advantages of the Pon-toon principle. I told him if he would wait a minute I would be down. So he waited, and I went down and waved him gently off the premises with a clothes-pole. I drove him out through the barbed fence, and he has not called since."

"Were you troubled after that?"

"I was," replied the man in the tree: "and the very next day. I had been bothered so much by agents that I thought I would stay home and recuperate. I was afraid to remain in the house, so I went out to hear the happy birds burst into song and take a sail on the lake. It was an awful hot day, and I had an umbrella up all the time. It was hotter in the water than it was in the boat. The water was so hot that after the ducks swam across they would lay hard-boiled eggs. While lying on my oars, viewing the pleasant prospect, my dream was rudely dispelled by a splashing sound. I looked around and saw a man struggling in the water for dear life. In an instant I madly grasped the oars, rowed to the spot and hauled the man aboard."

"Why did you not scream for assistance?" I asked: "I might not have known of your peril had I not seen you."

"There was no reason why I should fear death," replied the rescued: "because, although I have a large family dependent on me, I am insured for twenty-five thousand dollars, and they would be all right. Now, you are a fine strapping young fellow, and you ought to take out a policy for, say, five or ten thousand dollars. Five thousand is not much, of course, but it would secure the widow a good mourning outfit, and there would be enough left to keep her at the sea-shore for a summer, and, you know, that would give her a chance to capture—"

"I made a break for him; but he held me at bay with an oar, and said:

"I am only talking for your own good. I am the agent for the Intro-spective Life, and for two dollars a week you are safe for five thousand; and you get back all you have paid in at the end of ten years—"

"But by this time I saw my chance, and quickly hurled him over-board. He went in the water at the very spot where I hauled him out, and it was not up to his waist. He walked right ashore, laughing. He was only splashing around when he pretended to be drowning. Then I went home."

"How long ago was that?"

"Yesterday," replied the man in the tree: "and to-day I came out here and climbed the tree, armed to the teeth. I ascended this morning at nine o'clock, and before eleven an agent, who had slept on my front stoop to catch me as I came out, sent my man to tell me a gentleman wished to see me on important business. My man knew where I was, so that he could bring my meals. I told him to kill the agent. But the business man had followed him, and found out where I was. When he commenced his speech, I waved the gun and said what I would do. He retired behind a tree and kept out of range."

"Presently he sent out a trained squirrel, who came up the tree and presented me with the man's card, on which was written down the beauties of his company's system of robbing death of its terrors, and the amount for which his life was insured. I sent word back on the card, by the squirrel, that if he would step out from behind that tree for a few seconds his family would be richer, if he hadn't falsified when he said he was insured. Then the man walked sadly down the road. Here comes the hired man with my dinner. I haul it up on a string, and as soon as it's dark I go home by a circuitous way through the woods. By gracious, that is not the hired man! It is an agent with the hired man's clothes on. The woods are full of them. They are thicker than bees in a June meadow."

"You ought to take out a policy for, say —" commenced the agent, when the man in the tree leveled the gun at him.

The agent was evidently uninsured himself, for he worked around and got into the wagon beside the other man, to keep the man in the tree from firing. As soon as he got in, the man in the wagon yelled:

"I don't want to bother you, of course; but our company—the Gowanus Assurance So—"

The man in the tree let both barrels go at the horse, and, in response to the buckshot, the animal started off on a gallop, and didn't stop for half an hour.

After the horse started, the man in the tree came down and cut for home. And now he says he will either go away and travel incog., or remain where he is and wear a suit of armor bristling with long spikes.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

It is sweet to the artist to lean on an old rail-fence, and look across the hills at the waving wheat, and note the clouds drifting lazily along the mountain-tops, and watch the kine come down near to where you are standing and commence to drink out of the babbling brook. But it is not quite so sweet, when the artist wants to sketch, to have a crowd of boys come down from all directions to watch him, and climb up on his back, and crowd around him until he can't get a breath of air, just to see him paint a scene with which they are all perfectly familiar.



## PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.



HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE has nailed its colors to the mast for the season, and "The Silver King" is on deck there in full bloom. The best way for a Brooklynite to learn anything about this play is to go and see it. The taste for the explosive melodrama hasn't died out yet; at least so we are assured by Mr. James W. Morrissey, who, with Messrs. Brooks and Dickson, is about to flood the country with "Romany Rye." The rain will begin simultaneously at Williamsburgh and Montreal.

Oscar Wilde is now busily engaged in trying to prove that "Vera" is a success. It is hard work. He would do much better by writing another "Ave Imperatrix," abandoning the stage, and allowing his hair to grow again. A pang of acute agony shot through us as we looked at the play; we felt we had seen or heard something like it before. And then we remembered that our eminent fellow-citizen, Captain Mandeville Blogun, had written a novel called "Very Dudeowitch, the Nihilistess," a tale of tallow and top-boots, in PUCK ON WHEELS for 1883. We cannot say how Oscar obtained access to the Captain's manuscript; but, whether he did or not, some sort of apology or explanation is due. In the meantime, we await the next production at the UNION SQUARE, by which time it is to be hoped that "Vera" will be a long way out West.

At NIBLO's, "Excelsior," the pantomimic spectacle and superb ballet, is adding to the laurels of the Kiralfy Brothers. All New York is likely to meander toward this entertainment; and New York will thereby show its appreciation of a good thing. Just as they do in the case of the "Mulligan Guard Ball," at the THEATRE COMIQUE, and the sempiternal "Prince Methusalem," at the CASINO. "Heart and Hand," Lecocq's comic opera, is flourishing at DALY's, and Mr. George Sweet and Mr. J. H. Ryley and Miss Marie Conron renew their last season's triumphs. So do the chorus, especially in the way they hold their japanned tin drinking-cups. What we want to know is, why realism on the operatic stage is carried to such a pitch? Why do they pour wine out of bottles with nothing in them but air? And then, when the cup is supposed to be full, why is it swung around in every variety of swing, so that, if there were really any wine in the cup, it would inevitably be spilled? But perhaps every theatre has its own special centre of gravity.

"The Devil's Auction," at the FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, is a spectacular extravaganza combining ballet and pantomime. Mlle. Cornalba indulges in poetical motion; but we have seen, during our pilgrimage on this earth, fairer and comelier daughters of Eve than appear as auxiliaries in this production. Mr. Henry E. Abbey's GRAND OPERA HOUSE plunges into the breach and opens fire with the "Lights o' London."

## LITERARY NOTES.

In these days, when Mr. Henry George and other theorists seek to teach the inhabitants of this globe how to run society, we are not surprised to receive new works on the subject. The latest is "Political Economy," by Arthur Latham Perry, LL.D., Orrin Sage Professor

of History and Political Economy in Williams College. Professor Perry's work is a thoughtful one, and must be in demand, as this is the eighteenth edition; but it fails to throw any new light on the science of Political Economy. For instance, it does not tell us how a man who earns but five dollars a week can make it go as far as fifty. But this is not the fault of the publishers, who are Charles Scribner's Sons.

The *Texas Siftings* men, Messrs. Sweet and Knox, have once more displayed the charity and liberality of genius by flinging forth into this wicked world "On a Mexican Mustang Through Texas, from the Gulf to the Rio Grande." It differs from most works of the kind in not having a preface; but what it lacks in preface it makes up for in fun. No emigrant or American citizen who yearns to make his home in the Southwest, and to learn how much humor is lying around loose in that region, can afford to be without the book.

From the *Modern Age* Publishing Company, of Buffalo and New York, we have received the first bound volume of the numbers of this magazine. It is an attractive book, and its covers are of a purple hue, rich as its contents, which have been culled with taste and judgement from the best periodical literature.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

PROVIDENCE DOES not, apparently, temper the wind to the shorn Oscar.

THE QUAIL is so small, and the toast so large, that it would be nearer the truth to call that epicurean combination "toast-on-quail."

AND AS the tourist stretches his weary form on the mossy bank of the meadow brook, and looks dreamily up into the tremulous draperies of the weeping willow, he thinks how nice it would be to have such an appetite in the city, and also how nice it would be to have city restaurants in the country.

"I SHOULD THINK the clouds would be above the mountains," he said.

"They are, occasionally," she replied, as she started her horse up: "but perhaps they like a change."

"But why do they come down so low?" he asked.

"Why, because they are tired and want a rest."

And the young man gave his curiosity a rest for about two hours.

"THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has arrived," said a florid Englishman to an American friend at the Lotos Club the other evening.

"How do you spell his name?" asked the American.

"How do you spell it?—how do you spell it? Why, I—ss—a—l—c—x—zed," replied the Britisher.

"And how do you pronounce it?" eagerly inquired the American.

"Why," responded the Englishman: "there is but one way to pronounce it, and that is 'Enshaw, my dear boy, 'Enshaw.'"

## A PHILANTHROPIST.

A gaunt, haggard man, rigged in the habiliments of woe, was recently seen going around through tenement-houses distributing fruit. He got rid of several bushels in one house, and, while he was taking a drink at the corner directly after, the bar-tender said:

"Be you one of these here philanthropists?"

"I am," said the gaunt man.

"Do you give away bread?" inquired the bar-tender, as he gave the handle of the ale-pump a yank that pretty near fetched it out by the roots.

"I always give fruit in the warm weather, because it is so cooling—"

"Hello, Mike!" broke in a stranger who had just entered: "have you got rid of that green fruit yet?"

And then the philanthropist was obliged to take the bar-tender into his confidence and state that he was a coroner drumming up business. And he then set up several rounds of drinks to win the bar-tender's sympathy.

## Answers for the Anxious.

The Assyrian Pup with jaws distended ramps—  
He gets rejected manuscripts while we corral the stamps.

HASELTINE.—She has seen him.

J. H. THOLENS.—Please send address.

AN OLD READER.—Thanks for your present of a fig-leaf bathing-suit for PUCK.

ANONYMOUS.—Your "Song of the Fall" might give your Muse a suggestion for a neat little pendant—"The Fall of the Song." It fell into the waste-basket.

JELL.—We don't mean to say that your jokes have drunk of the fountain of eternal youth. But they will never grow old. We have taken measures of precaution.

J. S. MCG.—Touching, dear boy, very touching; but we prefer to weep over it in private. There are some griefs that should not be wantonly paraded before a vast and heartless crowd.

J. T. E.—Gentle shepherd, when they laid the cornerstone of the pyramids, they put a copy of that joke of yours in the box. It was the most ancient and venerable thing they had in Egypt.

T. E. M.—Man, man, use your brain, unless you're stuffed with sawdust! How could the Mayor of a city desire to be Comptroller at the same time? Use your brain—use it on the score of economy—it must be cheaper than a postal-card, that brain of yours.

EARNEST READER.—We are much obliged to you for copying out "Frisby's Letter" for us; but you tell Frisby, with our compliments, that if he often tries as hard as that to be funny, it would be a good scheme for him to have himself hooped in. He'll disintegrate, some day.

NEMO.—Married? Got a wife? If you have, we need only tell you that women and geniuses have a good deal in common, and that a man ought to be thankful when he can live with them under any circumstances. He can get along without the luxury of criticism.

CRANK 54,999,999.—You knock yourself out, gentle friend. The things that "pop into" a man's head aren't the things that pop into this paper. If you like the pugilistic metaphor, you will find that you will have to train pretty hard if you want to spar in the professional ring of literature.

THE SUN was gilding the western hills, the song-bird was performing his twilight aria, and a new moon was just appearing above the pines. The cows were on the way home to collaborate with the pump, and the fragrant shades—if shades are fragrant—of evening were creeping stealthily across the lea.

A lone horse—not horseman—was seen wending its way up a lonely hill-side. Not a sound broke the heavenly stillness of the scene, until the driver of the wagon behind the solitary horse arose and said:

"Here you are! PUCK ON WHEELS; twenty-five cents; of all respectable dealers from one end of the country to the other!"

The following cut shows how enthusiastic the people were, and how rapidly PUCK got rid of several thousand copies of PUCK ON WHEELS for 1883.





OFFICE OF 'PUCK' 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

WHO KILLS  
MACBETH-DANA:—"Never shake thy gory locks at me! You R



MAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN, LITH. 21-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

KILL HANCOCK?  
ks at me! You Five Thousand Dollars thou canst not say *I* did it!"



## LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

## HIS WIG AND HIS WAYS.

It is just as well that people should know something about this big British Judge, who has just arrived here by the Celtic in good order and condition. A Judge in England differs a little from a Judge in this country, but not in as many respects as might be thought.

Judge Coleridge, as we would call him here, is not only a Justice, but a Chief Justice, and, further, he is called a Lord. We do not think that any amount of ingenuity could find titles that express in stronger terms the extreme "bossness" of an earthly Judge than Lord Chief Justice. And this is why he is to have such a grand reception.

It is not every day that Newport and Fifth Avenue professional entertainers get hold of an English Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench Division, who is also a member of the Court of Appeals, and of Her Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council, and a Peer of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

The chief difference between the average American Judge and Lord Coleridge is in the matter of wigs. An American Judge only wears a wig when he is baldheaded, and he is advised to do so by his doctor or his wife, who wishes her husband to preserve his youthful appearance.

But then an American baldheaded Judge, when sitting on the bench, even in fly-time, often takes off his wig to keep his head cool. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge is never seen without a wig in court. But it is not because he is bald; it is not because he needs a wig for comfort; for, if he did, it is but reasonable to suppose that so refined a gentleman would procure one to match his complexion. The one he wears does not do anything of the sort.

It is of grayish-white horse-hair, and gives Judge Coleridge the appearance of a man who has had a plaster-cast of the top of his head taken, and has forgotten to take it off.

Take that wig off in court, indeed!

Does anybody know what would happen if Judge Coleridge attempted to remove it while in British jurisdiction?

The Queen would immediately issue a pro-

clamation from the Tower of London ordering the Page of the Back Stairs to call out the reserves.

Then Magna Charta would be repealed, and the Archbishop of Canterbury would order the arrest of the conspirators against the British Constitution—that is to say, those who had aided and abetted Judge Coleridge in removing his wig.

Coleridge would be at once haled to the Tower, and would land there through Traitor's Gate, where he would expiate his crime on the Tower Green scaffold.

Martial law would be at once proclaimed, and anybody found in the streets after dark imprisoned. An earthquake would then follow, and Great Britain would become a province of Russia.

We do not know if Judge Coleridge has brought his wig with him; but if he has, we wish to assure him that he may put it on or off as frequently as he pleases, and there will be no terrible convulsions in this country in consequence, because we are accustomed to see our Judges without wigs.

Two other peculiarities in connection with Judge Coleridge must be mentioned. He is always addressed by the lawyer barristers—who also wear wigs—as "My Lud"; and he is not elected to the important office he fills by votes. He has never been to a primary, nor is he a member of Tammany Hall, nor does he recognize "workers." He is neither a Republican nor a Democrat. He is not in the habit of "opening" either wine or whiskey for the "bhoys"; but do not forget that he wears a wig in business hours.

PEOPLE CLAMOR a great deal over the reigning evil of giving but one oyster in every church-fair stew; but they never say a word against the restaurateur who gives but a single woodcock on a slice of toast, and who frequently palms off a reed-bird on you for a woodcock.

IT HAVING been stated that a man burst a blood-vessel out West while blowing on a cornet, we clasp our hands in gratitude, and fervently pray that this benison may be followed by another in the shape of a man dislocating both shoulder-blades while playing on an accordeon.

## THAT SENATE COMMITTEE.

One of the beneficial effects of the recent strike of telegraphers was that it brought to New York the United States Senate Sub-Committee on Education and Labor, which have been investigating very extensively. It is nothing but right that a Senate Committee on Labor and Education should serve to enlighten the public on both of these specialties, and there has been a great deal more education for the public than labor in the inquiry.

There can be no doubt that laborers, communists and Mr. Henry George have had a fair hearing. Their evidence has been very fully reported, and the witnesses have had it all pretty much their own way. We are not going to commit ourselves by saying whether we do or do not agree with the theories and remedies that have been advanced for the amelioration and regeneration of society; but we do not think that much good can come out of this Senate Committee investigation. There is nothing new in the evidence. We have heard it all before, and there is no special reason why it should be forced upon us again.

The Committee will probably draw up an elaborate report, and that is about the last that will ever be heard of the inquiry.

Telegraphers will get starvation wages; hundreds of thousands of willing workers will continue without employment, and monopolists and mean and miserly capitalists will not cease to grind down their workpeople as much as ever.

No, society is not to be regenerated by the United States Senate Sub-Committee on Education and Labor; nor by the Utopian schemes of crazy theorists.

The people have their regeneration in their own hands. It is at the ballot-box. Let them send men to the National and State Legislatures who are not thieves and monopolists, or the creatures of thieves and monopolists, and Senate Committees on Education and Labor will have but little work to do.

## FREE LUNCH.

"AN UNEQUAL MATCH"—Any real baseball club and the Philadelphias.

A BARBER OUT West has trained a parrot to sit on a customer's shoulder and hold the paper that he wipes the razor on.

## AN IRISH MELODY:

Give me a cint  
To help me mother pay the rint.

SETTLING OLD SCORES—Making out the championship record at the close of the baseball season.

A WOMAN MAY have her house furnished from top to bottom, and still take great pleasure in going to an auction at which she doesn't intend to purchase anything.

NOTHING MAKES a tennis-player much wilder than, while playing before a crowd, to run twenty feet to hit the ball, and suddenly slip and turn over in the air, and hammer the ball back over the net with his nose.

VILLAGE-CARTS ARE no longer "nice," for the common summer people have got hold of them. Something must be done for the exclusives. If the populace continues to crowd on their sensitive natures, they will be forced pretty soon to drive around in circus-wagons to avoid vulgar imitation.

## THE DEMOCRATIC MECCA.



THE RUSH OF NEWSPAPER PILGRIMS TO THE TOMB OF THE PROPHET TILDEN.



## A MODERN IMPROVEMENT.



\* \* \* \* \* The times have been  
That when the brains are out the man would die,  
And there an end; but now they rise again,  
And, brainless, bump along the path of fame.—Shakspeare (adapted).

## AUTUMNAL.

There is a sharp tone in the air, and a cooling breeze floats across the sward and rustles musically through the pines,

And also through the vines.

Ah me, it seems but a few days ago that we walked here in the wood, beneath the rippling leaves, and listened to the croaking of the frog, While seated with Clarinda on a log.

But now the summer, like a dishonest bank president, has fled,

And the leaves are turning red.

The sumach blows beside the old stone wall on which we stood on tip-toe to reach the mellow fruit. Along that wall we see the playful little squirrels, sitting on their haunches until we get too near. And then they think we may have pie designs on them, and start off on a run,

And think it splendid fun.

Now the pine tosses to and fro, and, according to the poet who studies Nature in all the subtle harmony of her varying moods, the yew grieves. We don't know ourselves whether or not the yew grieves;

But one thing our soul perceives  
Is that Julia gathers leaves.

This is the season of the year at which the painter goes forth, and plants his easel by the margin of a hazy wood, and feels at peace with all the world, as the manifold beauties of autumn at every point he discerns;

And the little boy burns  
With joy as he turns  
Somersaults, and yearns  
For nothing now, because he's smoking  
ferns, ferns, ferns.

Adown the amethystine vistas of skyland the fleecy clouds float in snowy harmony. It is sweet to lie upon the moss and listen to the mellow gurgle of the woodland brook, and watch these clouds of quaint architecture, and fancy what they are. One you can make out as a wild horse perched on an old woman's nose; another looks like a pump dancing an antelope up and down on its handle; and another looks like a cow walking up-hill on her horns. Ah, how sweet it would be to fly from this commercial vale, as a bird, and drift to the music of viewless lutes from one part of the world to the other without ever touching land! It would be simply delightful in yonder cloud to lie,  
Eating a pumpkin-pie.

The merry crack of the sportsman's rifle is heard in the wood. We also hear the baying of the hound, and the whirr of the partridge. This is the shooting season. The game-law is up, and the small boy has a cheap fowling-piece made of cast-iron, and he shouts a merry shout, and is no longer glum

Till the fowling-piece takes some  
Of the thumb-nail off his thumb,  
And incapacitateth him from playing of the drum  
For a month or so to come.

In every barn the grain is being piled up in golden piles. And pretty soon there will be a husking-bee, and the man who finds a red ear will not fail to get his reward, whatever it is. And the birds are beginning to southward float. And it's too cold to take a girl out in a boat, Yet a little bit too warm to wear an overcoat.

This is all we know of autumn. At least all we can think of at present, except the politician baying at the county fair, etc. Yes, this is all we know of autumn and its beauties and its joys. And the reason we write the thing up now, with its golds and amethysts,  
Is for this year to get ahead of all the humorists.

## AT SOME SUMMER HOTELS.

The Ozone House, on the Upperbunk Mountains, has long enjoyed a reputation for salubrity and good attendance. This season has been an "off" one; but, notwithstanding, a fair number of guests have secured rooms in the establishment, and have passed the time in the way that is considered orthodox in summer hotels.

There were fishing-parties, picnic-parties and bathing-parties. There were concerts, theatrical entertainments and lawn-tennis; and occasionally there were hops on Saturday, to which young men from New York came, arriving on Saturday and returning to the city on Monday morning.

Sometimes a hotel is uncomfortably crowded, and the landlord tears his hair in the endeavor to find room for all his guests. Then the resources of the kitchen are taxed, although no head-waiter was ever known to admit such to be the case.

The young man, who arrives hot and dusty by the afternoon train, after having refreshed himself in his six-by-nine bedroom at the top of the house, and wiped his face with a square-inch of towel, descends to the dining-room to get something to eat. Many of the tables are partially wrecked, for a large number of the guests have already partaken of the meal. In a third-rate hotel may be seen in one corner a pile of plates, some of them containing bones with very little flesh left on them; potato-skins; remains of helpings of tomatoes; very dirty and greasy little pocket-handkerchiefs of table-napkins; bent spoons and some prongless forks; and supplies of sugar, salt, and even butter, in broached peach-cans. Your appetite is not sharpened at the sight; but people who are prejudiced in favor of life find it necessary to eat occasionally, if the waiter has no special objection.

The young man, we will say, comes to the table, and, after having thrown grappling-irons around a waiter, he induces the benevolent creature to clear up a little, and to make the part of the table where the new-comer is seated look clean and respectable.

We will assume that it is four o'clock. The table is in some degree of order by half-past four. Then the guest gives his order. He is anxious to have his dinner quickly, that he may join his friends, especially that airy, blue-eyed, fair-haired creature on the piazza, who is flitting about in blue muslin, and whose little heart is throbbing with impatience to tell him how much she loves him—for this season, at any rate. He orders soup from the varied bill-of-fare.

The soup is "out," but there is fish.

He will take fish.

At five o'clock the fish has not come; but a glass of ice-water and a knife, fork and spoon have. At a quarter past five the fish has arrived.

Then the guest picks his teeth until six, when the meat appears. At seven the waiter brings, triumphantly, a piece of bread. In another half-hour potatoes enter on the scene, and by half-past eight at least the guest can begin to try the flavor of the meat. By ten he may be considered to have had dinner; but the latter part of the meal takes place under considerable difficulties.

The hop is to begin at nine, and for the last hour the waiters have been engaged in moving the chairs and tables for the dance. The dinner-guest, however, is not disturbed, although he receives a pretty broad intimation from the landlord that it would be just as well for him to "hurry up." At half-past nine the musicians tune their instruments, and the opening lancers is played. In the meantime the guest is quietly finishing his dinner, and two waiters stand by in readiness to bear away the table.

But where is the blue-eyed angel who is almost, if not quite, wearied with waiting for the



young man? Yes, where indeed? She is being led out to dance the lancers by that tall, freckled, blue-eyed, red-headed dude who wears a solitaire diamond ring and his watch-chain in dangling festoons.

Why does the blue-eyed damozel dance with the red-headed dude, when her heart yearned toward the young man who is about finishing his dinner?

Well, it is because he is so long about it. It is not the young man's fault; but he suffers just the same, and what might have been "two hearts beating as one" will be still two hearts that will beat as two, until both meet with more unselfish admirers, and the waiters do not take several hours to give a late arrival a very bad dinner.

A HORSE belonging to a colored man, and attached to an ash-wagon, was standing at the corner of Woodward Avenue and John R. Street yesterday, when he suddenly lurched forward and fell over. A crowd collected, and the owner came hurrying up. Various opinions were expressed as to what ailed the equine, and the owner finally appealed to a citizen to tell him what he thought.

"Why, it seems to me to be a plain case of poll-evil, pink-eye, string-halt, glanders, botts and the epizootic," was the reply.

"Thanks. Dat takes a powerful burden off de ole man's mind. Do ye know dat when I fust cum runnin' up an' saw de ole hoss lyin' dar' wid his eyes closed an' his legs all twisted up, I made up my mind dat sumthin' sorter serious had cotched on. I'll walk him home an' gin him a leetle saleratus water to brace him up. Glad you was heah, sah, 'cause I'd have bin worried.—*Free Press*.

If a penny happens to blow off the roof of an unoccupied building, in front of which a soulless organ-grinder is twisting out heart-rending airs, the wretch will look up, smile and bow, and continue playing until the chimney falls down. Such is the power of faith.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

In the elegant drawing-room of a Cincinnati pork merchant's mansion a large company was assembled. All the luxury that wealth could command contributed to the gratification of the guests. Upon a blue satin divan the pork merchant's daughter, gorgeous in silks and pearls and diamonds, was conversing with a friend. Presently her father approached and said:

"Pauline, I want to say a word to you."

The girl arose and accompanied her parent to the seclusion of a bay-window.

"Pauline," began the old man: "there's a couple of Cleveland dudes in the dining-room having a hot talk about Copernicus. I was afraid they were going to ask me to decide the dispute, so I made some excuse to get out and come to you. Now tell me, who was Copernicus, anyhow?"

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Pauline: "how could you be so ignorant? Why, any school-boy knows who Copernicus was. He sailed from Palos, Spain, on the 3rd of August, 1492, and discovered America the following October."

The venerable purveyor of swine gazed exultingly at his daughter a moment and then

## WE HAVEN'T QUITE COME TO THIS—



BUT THE BLUE-COATED DARLINGS OF THE BROADWAY SQUAD WOULDN'T CONSIDER IT ANYTHING OUT OF THE REGULAR MARCH OF PROGRESS.

said, with a suggestion of sadness in his tones:

"Pauline, my child, if I had your brains, I might have been a United States Senator from Ohio."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"TRUTH conquers," but it can't do it against a cold deck unless it is posted on the lay out and has a six-shooter and several friends to back it up.—*American Counting Room*.

It is an unlearned New Yorker who objects to paying the bill of a Brooklyn dentist because the latter's sign reads: "Teeth extracted without pain."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

## WETOLJESO.

A clean, humorous and exceedingly entertaining book is PUCK ON WHEELS for 1883. Its pages are crowded with as much wholesome fun as any one man has read in a lifetime.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

PUCK ON WHEELS, No. IV., is a daisy. It is clad in a new dress, has taken on an improved form, and is overflowing with good things, by both pen and pencil. There are one hundred and four pages, containing over fifty original articles by PUCK's editors and contributors, and it is brilliantly illustrated by Messrs. Keppler, Gillam, Zimmerman, Opper and Graetz. All this can be possessed for twenty-five cents, and we must send right out and buy another copy, together with a bull-dog to protect it, so that it may not be stolen, as was the one sent us by the publishers.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

A CONQUERING HERO.—PUCK ON WHEELS is making his fourth triumphal assault upon the risibilities of the country. He is just the jolliest, most rollicking fellow that ever assumed the humanitarian rôle of a vanquisher of Dull Care and his murky minions. The "Contributory Geniuses" are the funniest and wittiest whom PUCK could press into his service, and comprise twenty-five names well known to the fun-loving public. The artists who illustrate the work are J. Keppler, F. Opper, B. Gillam, F. Graetz, and E. Zimmerman—the keenest caricaturists whom the American public is proud of. PUCK ON WHEELS is so attractive on this last midsummer visit that he cannot fail to add hosts to the huge faithful following which he has already conquered, to their immense satisfaction.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

To become a first-class proof-reader is a very easy task—so easy that the wonder is that more young people don't take it up, instead of clerking and copying. The first step is to serve an apprenticeship at printing, which enables the student to discern typographical irregularities. A general acquaintance with history, biography, poetry, fiction, music, geography, the drama, etc., is important. Politics should have earnest attention, for, you know, you must be able to identify every man who has followed the business from Cain down to the present day. No matter where his residence or what his calibre—whether he is or was the caliph of England or the caliph of Bagdad or a Bridgeport "terrier"—you should have a minute knowledge of his public and private life, and be able to select the proper spelling from the half-dozen ways the author is sure to employ. Read, ponder, assimilate Webster, the Bible, Shakspeare, Anthon's Classical Dictionary, Lippincott's Gazetteer, Hayden's Dictionary of Dates, the cyclopædias of Appleton, Zell, Johnson and others, Bremisch Neimeckigo, Brandtke's Slownik-dokladny Jezyka Polskiego, Niedersachsches Whaterbuch, and any other works of a solid nature that happen to be at hand. During the long winter evenings, you might scoop in a few languages—say Greek, Italian, Latin, French, Hebrew, Russian, Chinese, Bohemian and Choctaw. You will need them in the fashion article and the mayor's speeches. The foregoing are a few of the acquisitions of a first-class proof-reader. The business is learned in a short time by any young man with a little perseverance, and affords constant employment (twelve hours seven days a week) at a liberal compensation, \$20, with frequent honorable mention. When you have picked up the rudiments mentioned, if you don't conclude to become a college professor at \$5,000 a year, call at the *Tribune* office, and we will give you a desk. Our present proof-readers are hardly up to the standard.—*Chicago Tribune*.

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Clouds above, as white as wool,  
Drifting over skies as blue  
As the eyes of beautiful  
Children when they smile at you;  
Groves of maple, elm and beech,  
With the sunshine sifted through  
Branches, mingling each with each,  
Dim with shade and bright with dew;  
Stripling trees, and poplars hoar,  
Hickory and sycamore,  
And the drowsy dogwood bowed  
Where the ripples laugh aloud,  
And the crooning creek is stirred  
To a gayety that now  
Mates the warble of the bird  
Teetering on the hazel-bough;  
Grasses long and fine and fair  
As your school-boy sweetheart's hair,  
Backward roached and twirled and twined  
By the fingers of the wind;  
Vines and mosses, interlinked  
Down dark aisles and deep ravines,  
Where the stream runs, willow-brinked,  
Round a bend where some one leans.  
Faint and vague and indistinct  
As the like reflected thing  
In the current shimmering.  
Childish voices farther on,  
Where the truant stream has gone,  
Vex the echos of the wood  
Till no word is understood,  
Save that one is well aware  
Happiness is hiding there.  
There, in leafy coverts, nude  
Little bodies poise and leap,  
Spattering the solitude  
And the silence everywhere—  
Mimic monsters of the deep!  
Wallowing in sandy shoals—  
Plunging headlong out of sight;  
And, with spurtings of delight,  
Clutching hands, and slippery soles,  
Climbing up the treacherous steep  
Over which the spring-board spurns  
Each again as he returns.  
Ah! the glorious carnival!  
Purple lips and chattering teeth—  
Eyes that burn—but, in beneath,  
Every care beyond recall,  
Every task forgotten quite—  
And again in dreams at night,  
Dropping, drifting through it all!  
—James Whitcomb Riley, in September Century.

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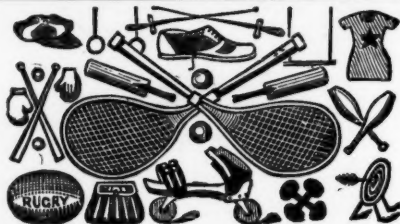
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